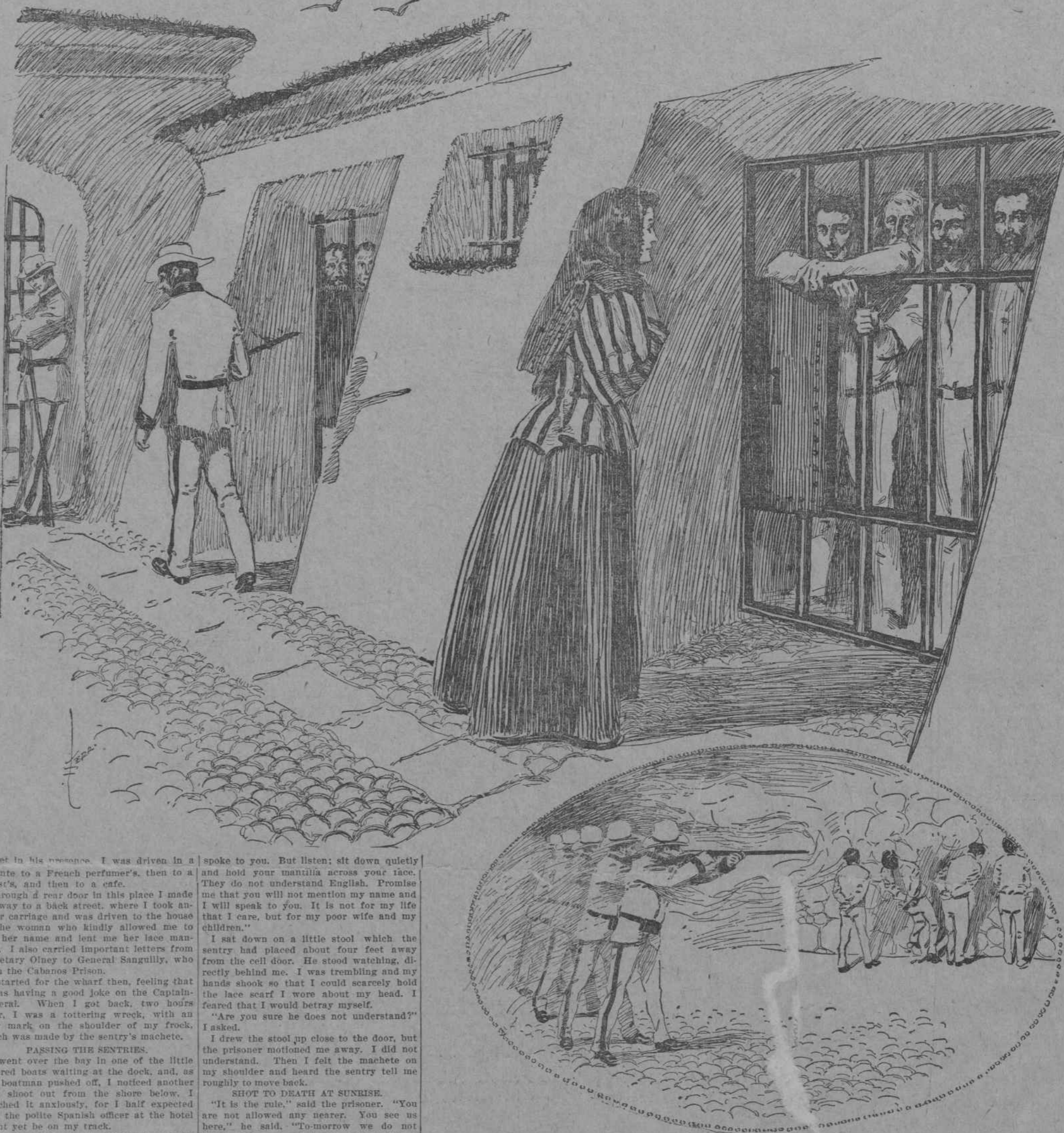


A JOURNAL WOMAN IN A SPANISH DUNGEON IN CUBA.

She Visits the Cuban Patriots at the Risk of Her Life. Horrors of the Cabanos Prison Where Rebel Leaders Are Shot.



Havana, March 18.—I looked from my window this morning before the sun had risen.

Across the bay the grimly beautiful towers of Castle Morro were outlined against the sky, a mass of exquisite color, gray, white and yellow, the crimson and gold flag of Spain floating from the highest turret. Almost beneath my window a sentry slouched along, his rifle across his arm.

Suddenly, with a splendor which dazzled my eyes, the sun burst into view, turning the water to gold and touching the castle walls with the glory of flame.

Just then, across the water, came the sound of six rifle shots. The sounds were slightly muffled, as though coming through walls of stone, but seemed to gain clearness as they reverberated across the bay. The sentry stopped for a moment, looked over his shoulder, crossed himself, and then walked on again.

I stepped back from the little balcony with a chill at my heart. The glory of the dawn was gone. I seemed to see six men pallid in the morning light, led out from their cells in Morro, with chains upon their hands. I saw them placed in a line against the old gray wall and shot to death just as the day broke.

I had been told of these sounds that come over the bay each morning, but this was the first time that I myself had heard them. What else could they mean but death?

When I saw General Weyler I had asked him what the shots meant, and he had angrily denied that prisoners were shot at Morro. He had denied that shots were heard. Now I had heard them for the first time. I wished that he were there that I might confront him with the lie which he had told me.

Morro Castle has had a fascination for me ever since I have been here. Its picturesque beauty is like a glorious poem. Its color is a delight to the eye. I have pictured the beautiful flag of America floating from its tower instead of the ugly banner of Spain.

At night, when the great electric light shines like a ball of fire from its top, making the stars seem pale beside it, I have looked over at this rocky prison and thought of the men behind those awful walls, for whom another day would never dawn.

The sentry's cry has broken my reveries, as it passed from one man to the other around the bay and ended in a wild Spanish whoop as the last man signifies that all is well.

"Sentinel—A—ler—to!" Sentinel—Alert—oi!"

When I asked General Weyler for permission to visit Morro and the Cabanos Prison he refused absolutely. He told me that it was a military law that no foreigner should enter a Spanish fortress. When I asked him what punishment I should receive if I were to visit the prison in defiance of his order he smiled somewhat grimly and told me that the sentries had a right to shoot me on sight, or that, if I escaped that fate, I would be imprisoned in Morro.

To-day, however, I visited the Cabanos Prison, which is a part of Morro Castle, connected with it by an underground tunnel, through which men are led to their death.

DISGUISED AS A CUBAN WOMAN.

I know that women newspaper representatives are supposed to be very brave, but I confess that I was the most frightened woman on earth while in that rock-bound Spanish fortress. My knees shook and cold chills ran down my spine when I saw how completely cut off from the outside world is the interior of this place. When a sentry struck me on the shoulder with the flat side of a drawn machete and told me in Spanish to move away from the grated door, where I stood talking to one of the prisoners, I almost fell to the stone pavement, paralyzed with fright.

I gained access to the prison by dressing myself as a Cuban woman, and impersonating the wife of a prisoner. I put on high-heeled slippers and a black dress. I draped a lace mantilla over my head and powdered my face thickly, as the women do here.

First I had to elude the Spanish officer who has been watching me at the hotel. This was no easy task, for, though the Spaniards are not good soldiers, they are good spies. This officer took a room directly across the hall from mine the day after my arrival, and there has been no hour of the day or night that the slightest sound in my room or a knock at my door has not found him alert and watchful.

I have proved this by various experiments and he has never failed. Sometimes in the middle of the night I have knocked on the inside of my door, and, looking through the grated window into the hall, I have seen his eyes shining like a panther's in the darkness of his room across the hall.

But I got rid of him by starting on a shopping expedition. We are bowing acquaintances, he and I, and I made a great show of asking about the shops in Onispo

street in his presence. I was driven in a volante to a French perfumer's, then to a florist's, and then to a cafe.

Through a rear door in this place I made my way to a back street, where I took another carriage and was driven to the house of the woman who kindly allowed me to use her name and lent me her lace mantilla. I also carried important letters from Secretary Olney to General Sangulilly, who is in the Cabanos Prison.

I started for the wharf then, feeling that I was having a good joke on the Captain-General. When I got back, two hours later, I was a tottering wreck, with an ugly mark on the shoulder of my frock, which was made by the sentry's machete.

PASSING THE SENTRIES.

I went over the bay in one of the little covered boats waiting at the dock, and, as the boatman pushed off, I noticed another boat shoot out from the shore below. I watched it anxiously, for I half expected that the polite Spanish officer at the hotel might yet be on my track.

But the boat turned off to one of the steamers lying at anchor, and I breathed more freely. As we drew near the opposite shore I saw a company of blue-coated soldiers crouching down the hill in their uneven style. My heart stood still for a moment, but, as we came near, I saw that they had four chained prisoners with them. I landed right in the face of them, but I hung my head and drew the mantilla about my face closely.

They passed by, and I began to climb the big hill which leads to the prison. It was paved with round cobble stones, and my high-heeled slippers made walking difficult. Half way up there was a resting place, and I sat there out of breath. A dirty Spanish soldier came along carrying some packs of cigarettes.

I felt like turning back, but finally I summoned courage enough to go on again. I climbed another hill and then I stood before an opening in the rocky wall which confronted me.

Two swartly Spanish soldiers crossed their bayonets before me.

"Alto—quien vive?" one cried.

"Viva Espana!" I answered, as I had been directed to, and I showed the paper which the Cuban woman had given me.

"Avant!" I walked in, and a sudden turn brought me before a gate guarded by a soldier with a drawn machete. I spoke the name of the prisoner I desired to see, and he drew the heavy iron bolt aside and let me pass.

Once on the other side he shot it back in place and I was behind iron bars in a Spanish prison. The walk upon which I stood was paved with stones, and the sky was overhead. Along both sides were cell doors with half-clothed men clinging to the bars and looking out at me. They were faces, and disheveled hair. Their eyes were sunken and awful looking. I hope that I shall never again see such faces.

Five or six men were in each cell. Looking back through the bars I could see only blackness. The bolts on the doors were monstrous and clumsy looking. Sentries with machetes gleaming walked their arms and pistols in their belts walked up and down before the cell doors.

A DANGEROUS INTERVIEW.

I went over to the cell in which the woman had told me her husband was confined. I recognized him from her description and held out my hand.

"I am an American reporter," I said, quickly, "and have come to see you from the Journal."

"My God!" he said, and his white face grew whiter; "are you not afraid?"

"Yes," I said, "I wish I were outside, but now that I have come I want you to speak to me."

"They would take me out as if I were like a dog," said he, "if the

spoke to you. But listen: sit down quietly and hold your mantilla across your face. They do not understand English. Promise me that you will not mention my name and I will speak to you. It is not for my life that I care, but for my poor wife and my children."

I sat down on a little stool which the sentry had placed about four feet away from the cell door. He stood watching, directly behind me. I was trembling and my hands shook so that I could scarcely hold the lace scarf I wore about my head. I feared that I would betray myself.

"Are you sure he does not understand?" I asked.

I drew the stool up close to the door, but the prisoner motioned me away. I did not understand. Then I felt the machete on my shoulder and heard the sentry tell me roughly to move back.

SHOT TO DEATH AT SUNRISE.

"It is the rule," said the prisoner. "You are not allowed any nearer. You see us here," he said. "To-morrow we do not know that we shall be alive. Every night they take men out of the cells here who never return. As you go down the hill on your way out observe a place in the wall where there is a sort of niche. It is there that they shoot us. They take us out chained by the wrists, and then—in the night the bodies are carried out in a boat and dropped into the bay."

"You know the law is that any boat in the harbor after dark is to be shot at. That is because they fear that their making away with prisoners' bodies might be discovered. But we hear the shots every morning at sunrise and again in the night. Last night as I lay here I counted seventeen shots. You know they are not shooting at targets at midnight."

"I can feel him watching us," said I. "Is he near me?"

"He is right at your back, within two feet of you," answered the prisoner, "but do not look so frightened, smile. You need not be alarmed. You look like a Cuban woman. But you look like a country girl. You are not accustomed to wear the mantilla."

I could not speak. I motioned him with my eyes to be quiet. I looked over my shoulder. There, indeed, stood the sentry, his eyes fastened upon me. I smiled at him, but he looked at me with murder in his eyes. He did not understand what we said and so was suspicious.

The music of the Spanish fandango sounded at the gate, getting louder and louder each moment.

"What is that?" I asked.

"Do not fear," he said, "and do not betray yourself. It is a company of soldiers coming to take out a prisoner. Sit perfectly still and smile as much as you can. Do not speak in English, as there might be some of them who would understand."

The bolts were drawn back and about twenty soldiers entered the prison yard. They had Mautser rifles and their captain had a machete as well. They looked at me as they passed, and it seemed as though my blood turned to ice.

ANOTHER VICTIM LED AWAY.

"They stopped before one cell door. The sentry took out an enormous key and opened the heavy door. He brought out with him an old, gray-haired man, with chains upon his hands. My heart ached for him.

"Where are they taking him?" I whispered.

"God knows. They take many away like that who never return. Oh, they are brave men; they bring twenty men to take an old man out."

"You are a brave woman," he went on, "to sit there so quietly. I do not think they would ever let you out alive if they knew you were a reporter. You see, you

whose death they falsely report every week or so.

The General laughed at my disguise. "You look as much like a Cuban woman as I do," he said. "But it is not hard to fool them. A little American woman can come here into their fortress. It is a good joke."

I passed the letters which I carried to the General. He took them to the back of the cell and read them eagerly. I noticed that he limped slightly as he walked, and the hand which took the papers from me is bent from a bullet wound. But he is handsome and distinguished looking, as different in appearance from those wretched Spaniards as it is possible to imagine.

"Are you well, General?" I asked him.

"I suffer from rheumatism in this damp place, that is all," he said.

"Can I take any message to America from you?"

"Yes," he said. "Tell them to come to our aid; Americans are suffering on all sides. They should be protected. The American correspondents are in great danger here. You are courageous to come here, but take my advice and get back to New York as soon as you can."

The General waved his hand to me as I passed out of the prison yard. There were in my eyes as I gave one look back at the awful cell doors with the men clinging to them and the sentries pacing up and down before them.

The soldiers unlocked the great gate for me, and I walked sadly down the hill to where my boatmen awaited me. When I got back to the hotel I was introduced to Antonio Lopez, the inspector of the Special Police.

The Spanish officer whose room is across the hall, came in and bowed politely to me. I wondered if they had discovered my morning's trip and were going to arrest me.

"The Senator looks quite pale," he said in Spanish.

"Yes," I answered. "I am discouraged. I wish to visit Morro and the Captain General will not allow me to go there. Do you think he would mind if I went there?"

Mr. Lopez showed all his teeth when he smiled at this.

"You would be shot if you went there," he said, "or if you escaped alive, it would be my painful duty to arrest you."

He gave me his card. It read:

ANTONIO PERE LOPEZ,
Inspector especial de policia,
a las Ordenes de S. E. el Gobernador Regional.
Trocadero 23.

Now it is late at night, and as I write I hear some one humming the Spanish fandango across the hall. I do not need to look out to see who it is. I know the Spanish officer's voice. I sail for home to-morrow.

KATE MASTERSON.

Where the Cuban Patriots Are Secretly Shot at Night.

NE'S A DEATH MESSENGER.

Mr. Maloney's Lugubrious Occupation.

ANNOUNCED TWENTY DEATHS IN A DAY.

The City's Dismissed Death Herald Explains How He Performed His Duties.

The city has until recently employed a man known as the death messenger. The office is vacant just now for reasons which have been made widely public, but it will have to be filled again.

But for the investigation into the affairs of Bellevue Hospital few people would have known that there existed so picturesque a position as that of the death messenger. The lord keeper of the great seal has not a more dignified title than the death messenger, and certainly he has a much less terrifying one. If you will consider the matter you will perceive that there could not be a more awful occupation than that of death messenger.

John Maloney, the ex-death messenger, is not exactly a picturesque person. His appearance was never altogether in harmony with his grim office. He is short, stout and rosy-cheeked, and has a thick, red mustache. There is nothing funeral about him except at rare intervals when he dwells on the recent conduct of the Commissioners of Charities and of the newspapers.

A small undertaker's office in East Twenty-sixth street, immediately opposite the gates of Bellevue Hospital, bears the name of Richard Maloney. This Richard is the brother of John. It was chiefly for drumming up trade for this brother that John Maloney was dismissed by the Commissioners of Charities. He frankly acknowledges that he did seek this trade, and furthermore, that the business is his own and not his brother's.

It was on January 15, 1883, that John Maloney was first appointed to the office of death messenger, at a salary of \$300 a year. The institutions he served were the City Hospital (then called the Charity), the Metropolitan Hospital, the Insane Asylum (male and female), the Workhouse, the Almshouse, the Penitentiary, the Infants' Hospital and Bellevue.

It may be imagined that Maloney broke the news to the widow or friend of the deceased in some lugubrious, guttural language. That, he says, is an entirely false idea. All he did in nine cases out of ten was to deliver the following form, filled in by the Warden of Bellevue:

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

New York,.....189

Dear.....

It is with great regret that I have to inform you of the death of.....at this Institution at.....

Please inform me of your intentions as to burial.

Yours respectfully,

.....Warden.

QUEEREST ICE KNOWN.

It Will Not Melt, Can Be Made Cheaply and Easily, and Insures Skating the Year Round.

The devotees of the invigorating sport of ice skating may now laugh at the antics of Jack Frost, for he will be literally out in the cold while they go gliding merrily along chaffing him for his failure to nip their noses and chill their toes.

Ice that will not melt and was never frozen will render it possible to defy the biting blasts of old Boreas. But the most remarkable thing about the new ice is that it never was water. Out of the fertile brain of a New York carpenter named Beck has come this latest novelty designed to provide amusement for the army of skaters, while robbing the pastime of many of its dangers and discomforts.

It can be laid cheaply and easily, and can stand any climate, which is more than can be said for the ordinary ice of commerce. Mr. Beck is willing to subject his "ice" to the most extraordinary tests. It can be hammered with an axe; it can be placed on a stove; it can be placed in a refrigerator, and it will still preserve its hard, smooth and slippery surface.

The secret of Beck's ice is well kept. The inventor refuses to make known its composition. It is probably, however, compounded of silicates, which in a solid state have the same smooth surface as ice and break with a crystalline fracture. Its color and appearance are strangely like natural ice.

In laying the ice it is run into moulds warm, and allowed to solidify after the manner of cement. The ice now on trial is three inches thick, and was laid at a cost of \$1 a square foot. The inventor claims that the thickness necessary for rink would be only one inch, which could be manufactured at a cost of from 40 cents per square foot. It is easy to lay, and requires only about half an hour before the composition is hard enough to go through a process of planing and ribbing, which brings it to a surface much resembling natural ice.

A Journal reporter, who was invited to test the ice, fastened on his skates and took a dozen turns around. Then he tried to skate on the ice. In every way he resembled to ice-skating was perfect, except for the fact that the ice gave way like the sign of the figure. The ordinary skate was found to be so hard that it cut in cutting figures, the pressure on the ice being hardly as to indent the figure. The ordinary skate was very little tendency to sideways. After continuous use the white powder, which collects on the face, after this is swept away the ice as good as before it was touched skater.

"I did it with as little talk as possible," said Maloney, very sensibly to a Sunday Journal reporter. "Of course, if the person could not read I had to read it to him or her. It was always open as you see it, and not enclosed in an envelope. I have never out referring to my looks, and I'm not going to do that. Many of those deaths meant climbing up to the fifth or sixth floor of a ten-story building, and the whole of the city as far north as the Harlem River. Outside that the notices were sent by mail."

"Yes, I know the times of year when certain forms of death are most frequent. Suicides are commonest in June. 'Deaths' come in the form of thrilling stories. I've taken notices to some of the best families in the city that their relatives had died in the almshouse, or the same ward of Bellevue, or the Penitentiary, or the Almshouse. But I'm not going to tell about those cases."

"Of course, I got cards for myself. Why shouldn't I? That was where I showed myself smarter than the other fellows. This trouble has all been caused by the undertakers, really. They think because they have got me out of the position they will get the business, but they're mistaken."

"I can see a man or a woman with a death notice coming down the street. I shall still be here. When I see them coming I shall just go out and get the job."

"I've got tact. When anybody's got a corpse to bury I can usually get the undertaker. Besides, I'm a member of a lot of societies, and they help me. Sometimes they have to bury one of their members who dies poor, or in an institution, and they turn the work over to me."

"Many and many a good man I've buried for nothing. An undertaker has to do some business, for everybody has to die some time, and the poorer the people the more they're responsive to a funeral. They want the good hegets. A tenement house owner cares to have less than a funeral, although they can't always afford it."